

"THE WINNER OF THE PRIZE." A story by Edgar Fawcett.

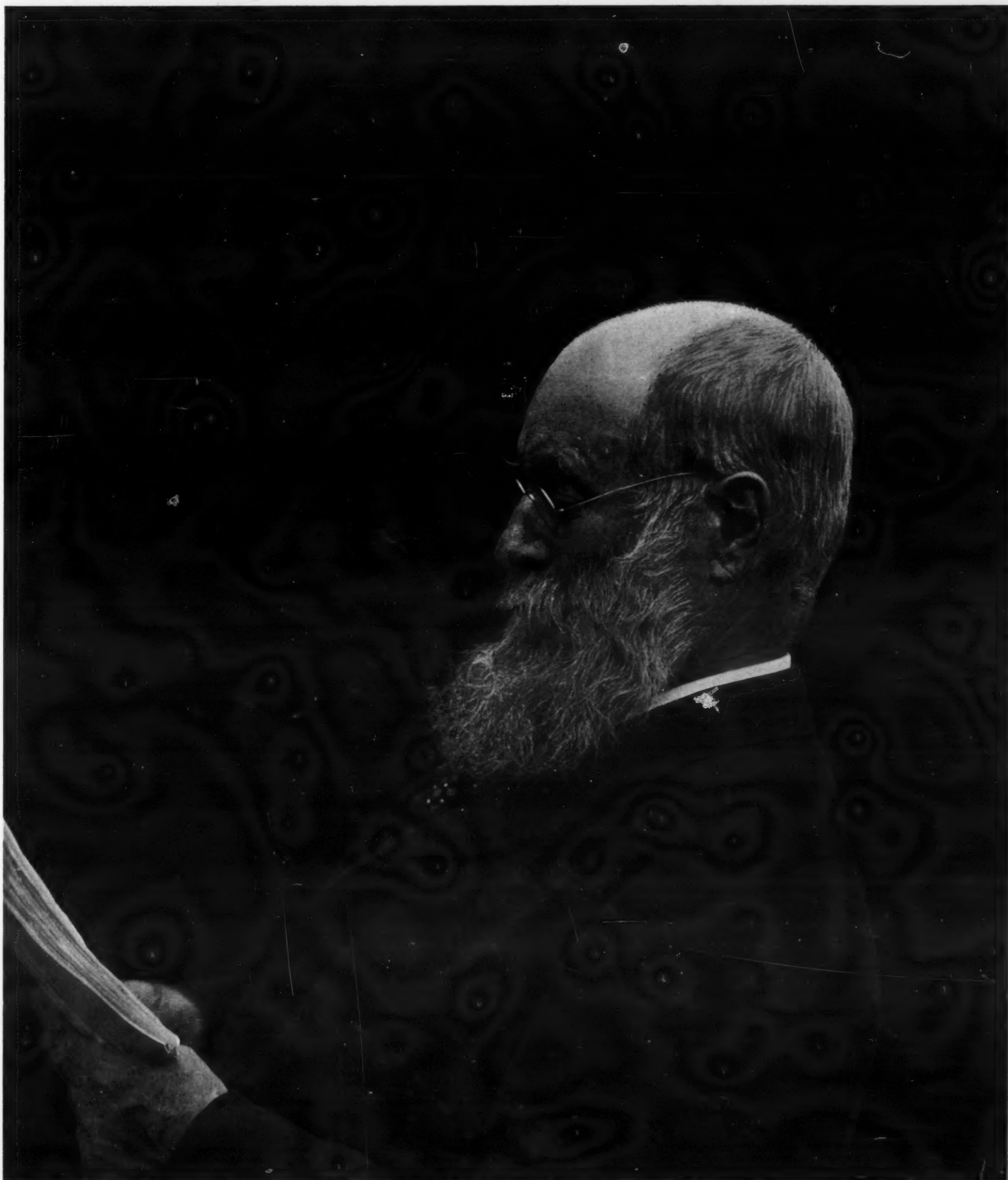
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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From a photograph by ALAN.

MR. CHARLES A. DANA, THE PREMIER OF THE PRESS.

THE EDITOR OF THE "SUN" GRATIFIED HIS FRIENDS AND ASTONISHED HIS ENEMIES BY THE VIGOR OF HIS FIGHT FOR GOOD GOVERNMENT AND THE NATIONAL CREDIT. THESE PATRIOTIC SERVICES SHOULD RECEIVE DEFINITE RECOGNITION FROM ALL GOOD CITIZENS, REGARDLESS OF PARTY AFFILIATIONS.

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Slow and Sure.

THIS was a campaign against unreason.

It would be a pity, indeed, if in the moment of victory the victors should themselves become the victims of unreason.

There is danger of just such a result.

The advocates of sound money and the national credit have preached political economy all in vain if the result of the election shall be an artificial business boom which will convert itself into a boomerang so soon as it gets well on its way and return to worry those who started it, and all others in the country as well.

We have maintained that the success of the Popocratic party meant commercial bankruptcy and national embarrassment. But we have never maintained that the defeat of that dangerous party would bring instant and permanent relief to commerce and that everybody would become prosperous as if by magic.

Ever since the day after election the newspapers have given pages of their space to extravagant accounts of business revival and the starting of new enterprises. There is, indeed, every indication of a boom, a forced boom—the result of reaction from a state of strained suspense plus much bluster and much exaggeration.

We believe that there are prospects of much better times; we believe that there will be a business revival that will be pleasantly felt from one end of the country to the other, by all sober, industrious, and deserving people. But we do not believe in the impossible; we do not care for the undesirable.

Legislation, or even the prospect of legislation, can do great harm, but it is impossible for the people to be made prosperous by an act of Congress; much less possible by the mere prospect of an act. And we believe that the temporary activity which comes by the aid of a stimulated boom to be not only undesirable but extremely hurtful.

The people in these United States would have laughed Mr. Bryan and his mad Chicago platform to scorn had it not been that many hundreds of thousands of the people were tired to death of the preposterous promises made by the old parties.

"Elect the Democrats," one party cried, "and we will all get rich by pulling down the custom-houses."

"Elect the Republicans," the other party cried, "and we will all get rich through the custom-houses."

And so the cries have resounded aloud from year to year. Democrats have been chosen, Republicans have been chosen; but this universal prosperity has never been realized.

What wonder that many people should have lost confidence in the cheap promises of cheap politicians whose only end was office and its emolument?

They were dissatisfied and they had a right to be, for they had been trifled with and deceived.

It was almost inevitable that they should have rallied round the standard of the first demagogue who made strange promises in a loud voice. And so they supported the Chicago platform.

Now this unrest, this dissatisfaction, has not been cured by the defeat of the scheme for the free coinage of silver. It is ready to express itself again whenever the opportunity comes. We must count on it, we must seek to alleviate it by better times, and finally to cure it by a continuation of better times.

But better times do not come through extravagant promises; they do not come through party action. They result solely through the wise control of economic forces, through the confidence of man in man, through patient thrift and sober industry.

We do not want a boom at this time. The country is not ripe for it; it cannot be either healthy or wholesome. On the contrary, it is likely to do infinite harm, for when it collapses, as it surely will, it may excite the dissatisfied into a deeper dissatisfaction, annoy the restless into more active violence.

We want to go to work quietly and in full confidence—content that the worst has not happened and hopeful of all good. We want to go slowly, go surely.

The Sound-money Democrats.

No careful reviewer of the votes cast in the recent election can come to any other conclusion than that the day was saved for Major McKinley by the sound-money Democrats who worked for his election and cast their ballots for him at the polls. There was a patriotic service, worthy of acknowledgment and remembrance. They were not less opposed to Republican theories of government than they were in previous contests, but they recognized that

the integrity of the country was imperiled and that Republican success was the only safeguard. For some of them, to vote the Republican ticket was very hard; it seemed to them like going back on all their most cherished principles. But they did it; they did it like true and brave men who loved their country beyond their party, like wise men who could cut the hampering bonds of prejudice. The services of such men deserve recognition, and this recognition should come from the Republican party in general and from the Republican administration in particular.

It will not be easy for Major McKinley, when he becomes President, to do this without embarrassment to himself and to the sound-money Democrats selected as representative. The experiment has been often tried of placing men from the opposing party in high official position; and the experiment has nearly always been a disastrous failure. Mr. Hayes tried it in selecting a Southern Democrat for Postmaster-General, and Mr. Cleveland tried it in selecting a disgruntled but life-long Republican for Secretary of State. These appointments were particularly unlucky, and proved offensive both to the supporters of the administration and to the opposition. But the sound-money Democrats who have done such signal service in this hour of danger can be recognized without taking Cabinet portfolios and becoming part of an administration with the policies of which they are not in hearty sympathy. There are diplomatic and consular posts where the incumbents need only to be good Americans and honest men—posts which carry those who hold them beyond the region of partisanship. Now these sound-money Democrats are of approved patriotism, and those properly equipped in other regards are most fit men to represent the United States in places where loyal fidelity is the chief requisite.

Then again, the Republicans can recognize the loyal services of such a man as Secretary Carlisle by uniting with the sound-money men of the Kentucky Legislature and sending him to the Senate.

There are many ways and forms that this recognition can take without that hurtful result at first pointed out. And we feel sure that Major McKinley and his advisers will find the wise, the grateful course.

The Time to Stop.

WHEN Mr. Bryan's political manager told him officially that the battle was lost he sent a manly message of congratulation to Major McKinley. And the country thought that this was well done, according to Mr. Bryan a commendation that he had not always received. The country was under the impression that this was Mr. Bryan's graceful exit from the stage, and the country was pleased to have him go—pleased, too, that he should get out of sight in a manner creditable to himself. But it seems Mr. Bryan has taken a vacation scarcely long enough to get his second wind. He is waiting only a week or so, he tells us, before beginning the fight all over again. In this next campaign, we are led to believe, he has his far eye looking ahead to the White House in 1900, and his near eye intent upon box-office receipts. Of course Mr. Bryan must live, and it is a great deal, perhaps, to ask him to give up the benefits that may be derived from the immense advertising he received as the candidate of his party for the Presidency. But we have a right to ask much of men who have been given such prominence. The prominence—or the eminence, if you choose—should be its own sufficient reward. Mr. Bryan can return to his law practice or to his editorial work, but for goodness' sake let him give up his political work for the present. The country is tired; it is tired all the way through. What we want now is to go to work and to recover from the ravages of this very warm and acrimonious battle. The time has come to stop.

The Venezuelan Arbitration.

It has been manifest for many months that England would come to the position of the United States in the



SECRETARY OF STATE OLNEY.

matter of the Venezuelan boundary. The terms of the agreement to arbitrate the question have now been published. In thus bringing Lord Salisbury to reason Mr. Olney has achieved a very notable and honorable diplomatic triumph. When the President and his able secretary told Lord Salisbury, a year ago, that the United States had exhausted patience in waiting on Great Britain to be fair and reasonable of her own accord in the treatment of little Venezuela, and frankly threatened to apply the Monroe doctrine in the enforcement of a settlement of the difficulty, there were those who said the method was the method of a bully, the manner the manner of a barbarian. We were not of these. We held that the only way to treat Great Britain was with the same kind of uncompromising severity that Great Britain has been in the habit of applying to weaker Powers time out of mind. But whether the manner and the method were good or bad, whether they strengthened or weakened the position taken by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney, the American point has been carried and the principle has again been reasserted

that no European Power can have its will on this continent without the full consent and acquiescence of the United States. Great was James Monroe!

The Silent Voter.

MORE was heard during the recent campaign than ever before of the silent voters. They were expected to produce



SENATOR DAVID B. HILL.

very great results. And they did. Not less than one-third of the votes polled for Mr. Bryan were put into the ballot-boxes by these same silent voters. Had this been otherwise Mr. Bryan would have received the votes of only half a dozen Southern States, in which for half a generation past there has been neither a full vote nor a fair count. Had this been otherwise we would not hear Mr. Bryan talking glibly of bimetallism and 1900. In this campaign honest men of frank convictions delighted to stand in the open and declare themselves. Republicans had neither reason nor incentive to dissemble; sound-money Democrats were proud of themselves and the opportunity they had to show that they were patriotic beyond partisanship. The silent voters this time were silent because they were sure they intended to do a mean thing—they were silent because they intended to vote for Bryan and so indorse principles which they were themselves ashamed openly to approve. The silent voter of 1896 will bear a great deal of watching. In an emergency he was untrue to what he knew to be right. Let no such man be trusted.

Mr. John Y. Foster.

AFTER an illness of a week, and in his sixty-fifth year, John Y. Foster died last Friday at his home in Newark.



MR. JOHN Y. FOSTER.

Ever since this paper came under its present ownership Mr. Foster has been the managing editor and the chief writer of editorials. In his profession he held with ability and fidelity places of distinction. He was an assistant editor of the *Evening Post* under William Cullen Bryant and Parke Godwin; and he served on *Harper's Weekly* under George William Curtis. During the war he was editor of the *Newark Advertiser*. But it was in the columns of this paper that Mr. Foster did his ripest work. For twenty-five years past he had been the secretary of the New Jersey Republican State Committee; in this capacity he was most active during the recent campaign, the result of which in his own State was particularly gratifying to him. In addition to his editorial and political activities, Mr. Foster was a zealous worker in the Presbyterian Church, of which he had been a member for forty years. Mr. Foster was a vigorous and graceful writer, as those who have read the editorial pages of this paper know. He always cast his influence for the good cause and the kindly course, and his life was full of gentleness. His talents were great; but his character was greater. He lived in the dignity of an impregnable integrity, and in passing away he leaves a remembrance of sweetness and kindness and courtesy which will always be cherished by those who were so fortunate as to come within his acquaintance or influence.

The Universal Autocrats.

THE wise king who said that while he ruled his nation his wife ruled him and his child while his wife was possibly stretching even logic a bit to declare that the little one governed the country, but there is no doubt that in many of the essentials he got very close to the fact. A case of infantile colic has often caused more concern in high places than the threat of a revolution, and the manifestation of a youthful preference has brushed aside the grave affairs of state and made the raising of revenue more a matter of family necessity than of statesmanship. The tremendous influence that these little people bear directly upon the world, its business, its society, and its politics is constant and unescapable. We may dodge the tariff, or silver, or civil-service reform, or any of the questions that parties place in platforms, but the problems that childhood pro-

pounds daily to grown-up men and women have to be met. The little one's "why?" and "what for?" and "how?" pop up around every corner of life's turning, and there is no getting out of their way.

And the greatest problem of childhood is childhood itself. How shall it be treated? The world has been raising children for a great many generations, and it is yet undecided about the wisest way to do it. The treatment of children changes almost as regularly as the fashions. We of middle age can well remember the days of the switch and the rule, the cruel practice which attempted to beat morality into the skin instead of trying to persuade it into the head or to coax it into the heart. There never was a meaner gang of cowards than the old-fashioned school-teachers who got their poor pleasures in life out of the sufferings of children. "Mr. Meadows, indeed, seemed to owe a grudge to society," wrote Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, himself a school-teacher, describing the old type of the school-teacher in the "Dukesborough Tales," "and he delighted in paying it off in his peculiar way; that is, by beating the children of his school." There were many noble exceptions to this type, but that the type was pretty general will be readily acknowledged by thousands who have cause to remember it. There was only one ambition among the boys, and that was to see the day when they could thrash the teacher. In the case of Mr. Meadows the retribution came from his own excess. He drove a poor little fellow to desperation and he paid the man back in his kind. The fight is famous in our literature, and when Meadows cried "Spare me, for God's sake, spare me!" the boy exclaimed, "Spare you! Yes, you who never spared anything that you could hurt. Poor coward! You loved to beat other people and gloried in seeing them suffering, and when they begged you to spare them you laughed—you did! Oh! how I have heard you laugh when they asked you to spare them. And now, beat yourself and whipped, you beg like a dog. Yes, I will spare you! It would be a pity to beat any such a poor cowardly human any longer."

Mr. Meadows passed and so has his tribe, and the evolution of things has brought us almost to the other remote swing of the pendulum. The old order undoubtedly aroused and increased the bellicose sentiment of the race, and possibly, in view of the necessities of a great civil war, it helped in the fighting of the 'sixties, but there is general consent that it could be spared. The trouble is—if there is any trouble—that the extreme movement in the other direction may relax the moral tension a little too much. Here we have a writer in one of the scientific periodicals of current issue coolly and calmly suggesting that it is better to let children do as they please than to hamper them with the restraints of daily training. He would, of course, he says, "try very earnestly to influence the desires of children, to make them want the things that the experience of the race has shown to be good and wholesome," but it seems to him "of greater moment to have the desire and the action harmonize than to have the action which would seem to us always commendable." He goes on to say that it is a policy of cultivated instincts, and that the method is admittedly psychological. Nothing in this world would be more desirable or could seem closer to the millennium than the conditions of heredity and of living which would graduate the young minds into the appreciation of beauty and morality, and the young persons into strong and sympathetic characters, without discipline or restraint. But, like some other dreams, this scarcely seems possible just yet. There was, we believe, one of the most famous of the Scottish scholars who conceived the idea that his son, if allowed to follow his instincts absolutely, would grow up into a perfect man. He tried the experiment, but the ruin of the boy was complete and incurable.

This is the land of the free, and the freest among us are the children. The rest of the world regards us with varied emotions. In France the little ones are merely seen; in England they are very quiet; but in America they take the house—and as a rule they are welcome to it. The birches have been burned in the old stove, and if a teacher nowadays attempts to use the rod he or she will probably receive a message from a magistrate's office. At the same time there has been a great advance in the practical benefits of education, in the real value of the training, and the whole tenor of the best educational progress of the times is to cultivate self-reliance and sharpen the appetite for learning. It is felt by the best of teachers that they are just beginning to understand the elemental parts of their work, and the finest part of it all is the fact that the more they understand the more readily the children respond. All is, therefore, shaping itself to the right end, and the results will be that our loving and deeply beloved tyrants will make better citizens than we have made, and will carry this glorious government forward unto its larger and higher destiny. Children should honor their parents, but the parents should remember that they also have duties, and that the tyrants appreciate perfectly well the reciprocities of the home and respond quickly to them.

The College Woman and the Home.

SEVERAL years ago, in addressing his students at the beginning of a new year at Harvard, President Eliot is reported to have said: "You, gentlemen, are in this college in order that you may become heads of families." The function of headship in a family is one that belongs quite as well to the wife and the mother as to the husband and

the father. Women themselves are not averse to becoming heads of families. All the current talk in respect to the great aversion of women to marriage is born either of jest or of a false interpretation of facts.

Some of the most able and aggressive women, eminent for public service, are wives. One needs to mention only Mrs. Livermore, of the older generation, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, of the younger. The strength of the domestic tendency in womanhood receives no stronger illustration than in the willingness of a woman—the president of a great college for women—to resign her position in order to become a wife. Several women long associated with Vassar College as eminent teachers have resigned their places to become the heads of homes.

The fear has often been expressed that college education does tend to cause women to regard matrimony as an object not worthy of their highest powers. The instinct of human nature, it may at once be said, is stronger than a college education. It is to be said, too, that a college education does not, as a fact, divert women from marriage. Of course education tends to make women more appreciative of the best elements of manhood and renders their choice of a husband more select. But so long as man is man and woman is woman, so long there need be no fear that woman will be averse to the state of matrimony, or man either. But the college woman who does become a wife should be aware that marriage may open to her a vocation. We do not say that it necessarily does so, but it may, and it probably does. This vocation is that of a homemaker. And this vocation does not usually allow the carrying on of another vocation. In certain peculiar instances it may possibly do so. Home-making does not seem to be, for ordinary men and women, husband and wife, a very exhaustive task; but experience proves that the establishment and perpetuation of a home represent a vocation which usually suffers in case another is actively associated with it.

Recently the writer was privileged to read the letters which the members of a class of the best of the girls' schools of New England had written to each other. The letters composed what is known as "a class letter." This class consisted of seventeen girls. It was graduated in the year 1887. Of these seventeen girls five are now married. We were interested, in reading these letters, to discover how far marriage and its consequences were diverting these students from their scholarly tendencies and methods and conditions. One of the five who are married says: "You all seem to be studying so much that it makes me feel pretty ignorant, but I do not have any time at all for mental development. Never mind. Wait until my promising son makes his power felt upon the world, and then, perhaps, you will be proud of me after all." Another confesses: "I am getting to be a regular heathen, so far as reading is concerned." A third, whose life is especially favorable to a life of quiet leisure, writes: "I am like the other married girls. I do not belong to any of the many clubs, and, outside of the magazines, I do not get time to do a great deal of reading. Although my household cares are not very great, I find my time pretty well taken up."

The testimony of these women is that home-making does away with the following of scholastic and scholarly vocations. It may be said that young wives ought not to find home-making and housekeeping so exacting, so absorbing, so exhausting that they have no time for any mental development, no time for reading. Mental atrophy should not threaten a well-trained woman who has been married three years and has a child a year old, but, as a matter of fact, home-making and housekeeping are, for her and for every wife, duties exacting and absorbing. The work of the home is manifold, constant, and diverse. To do this work seems usually to content the ambition of most well-trained women. To carry on much work beyond the household is to most a task not to be performed, or a pleasure not to be enjoyed.

Yet certain arts are consistent with home-making, especially those arts which can be carried on within the walls of a house. The most eminent of these arts are those of authorship and of painting. Who does not remember that Mrs. Stowe wrote her great book in the midst of manifold and perplexing cares? Does one forget that Elizabeth Barrett Browning was still a poet when she had married a poet? In George Henry Lewes, too, George Eliot found a great inspiration to writing, and through his care a great protection from those interruptions which the head of a household who is also an author is subjected to.

But as soon as one becomes an artist, whether as poet or as novelist or as painter, one is brought into competition with men. To the married woman her poetry, her painting, her novel-writing is usually an avocation. To the man, his poetry, painting, or novel-writing is usually a vocation. The woman usually gives only the fag ends of her time to her art; the man gives the body of his time to his. And the consequence is that the man excels.

People Talked About.

—TAMMANY claims the youngest Congressman in Thomas J. Bradley, who is the member-elect for the Ninth New York district. Texas had the honor until recently, though New York made a bid for it when George B. McClellan was elected for his first term. Bradley is not yet twenty-seven, and his smooth face, quite devoid of hair, makes him look even younger than his years.

—It is a commentary on the status of the Jew in England

that the new lord mayor of London, the Right Honorable George F. Phillips, is the fourth man of Semitic blood to reach that exalted station. He is described as small of physique and of un-Hebraic attributes, though not so in his possession of large wealth. In addition, he is a capital sportsman and inclined toward literature and art.

—The Rev. Heber Newton, rector of All Souls' Church, has the pallid appearance of a hard student. His eloquent sermons indicate that he does not spare himself in the preparation of them. So as to keep himself in physical form for his work Dr. Newton takes horseback exercise, and those who have seen him in the saddle can testify that he sits his horse with a grace which only comes with long practice and a natural capacity for the most gentlemanlike of all the forms of sport.

—Notwithstanding his reputation as a disciplinarian, Colonel Waring is not a little unconventional in his ideas of dress. His appearance before the mayor in riding-boots and spurs will be remembered, and he is sometimes to be seen in City Hall Park in bicycle costume—with golf-stockings of a vivid brown, knickerbockers, and a blue coat topped by a derby hat. It is not an ideal suit in point of sartorial taste, but its presence on a city official in public is a hint of what the wheel may do to effect a return to the small-clothes and silk stockings of old times.

—Mr. William M. Chase, when he severed his connection with the schools of the Art Students' League, announced that he would teach no more in New York. But during the summer at Shinnecock such pressure was brought to bear upon him that he has established a school of his own in Union Square, besides a life-class in Twenty-third Street. For his own work he has opened a studio in the Judge building, and the season altogether promises to be for him busier than ever before. The ease and quiet that he aspired to have been postponed for a year or so at least.

—The recent celebration of the eightieth birthday of Justice Stephen J. Field was regarded with especial interest at Stockbridge, in the Berkshires, which is the old home of the four famous brothers and of their no less sturdy, if less distinguished, father. The Rev. Dr. Henry Field preached there in the old church which Jonathan Edwards had long before made renowned, and Cyrus Field is buried there in the village cemetery, while Henry M. Field still has his residence on the hill overlooking these historic spots. Stephen Field was a boy of seventeen when he left Stockbridge for Williams College, taking with him a reputation for learning such as few school-boys possessed.

—The operatic partnership of De Koven and Smith, which has just resulted in the production of another successful opera, "The Mandarin," may be properly compared with the more famous one of Gilbert and Sullivan. Composer and librettist are each under forty, and ten years ago, before they launched "The Begum" on the public, they were industriously working for fame in Chicago—De Koven as a composer of organ-music, and Smith as a newspaper writer and theatrical critic. Humorous verse that the latter wrote for a local paper of the *Life* pattern is still remembered as good. Both have been popular in society, though the composer has advanced further toward the penitential than the librettist.

—The serious illness of Munkacsy occurs just a few weeks after the celebration of his fiftieth birthday. The painter's life has been, from every point of view, a romantic one and one unusually full of incident. A poor boy in Hungary, a carpenter's apprentice aspiring to be a house and sign painter, he became in a few years the pet of German art centres, creator of a painting for which a Philadelphia merchant paid him one hundred thousand dollars, and wearer of the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Of recent years Munkacsy has passed most of his time in Paris, where his studio was one of the artistic show places of the city, as much for its Mediaeval Hungarian architecture as for the prodigal richness of its furnishings.

—Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, the caricaturist who signs his eccentric and comical drawings "Zim," is a Swiss by birth, and started his artistic career as a painter of signs. One of his drawings on a barn in the country was so comical that it attracted the attention of the editor of *Puck*, and the creator of this was sought out and soon installed in the *Puck* office at four dollars per week. When the late Mr. Gillam left *Puck* for *Judge* Mr. Zimmerman followed him. He has since remained there, and week by week gives to the readers of that paper the funniest drawings now published. "Zim" cannot endure the strain of city life, so he lives at Horseheads, New York, and there gathers from the life about him the material which he supplies with a fecundity apparently without end.

—Mr. Bayard has almost effaced the fame of Mr. Lowell in London as a happy after-dinner speaker, as well as an orator in more serious themes, and he is now winning the Tory heart in a rôle that had slight interest for Lowell—that of a sportsman. He has recently been shooting and fishing in the Scotch Highlands, and the *London Chronicle* says that he shot two stags having ten-point heads, and thus came near realizing the "ambition of sportsmen to kill a 'royal' stag, which means one with twelve points to his horns." England will regret to lose Mr. Bayard, for it has shown increasing interest in him with every passing year. He will return to Delaware to find his son active in politics there, and promising to continue the Bayard dynasty in that aristocratic little State.

—The election of Edward J. Poynter to succeed Millais as president of the Royal Academy was somewhat of a surprise in this country, where his work is better known than his name, and where the popular celebrity of Watts, Alma-Tadema, and Burne-Jones is far greater. In a long list of possible successors to Millais, prepared at the time of the latter's death, Poynter's name was not mentioned. But in England he has enjoyed high repute for thirty years or more, especially since the exhibition of his "Israel in Egypt." Perhaps his most famous painting is his "Perseus and Andromeda." Mr. Poynter (or Sir Edward, as, by virtue of his office, he will soon become by the queen's hand), is a brisk and well-kept man of about sixty. He has been an associate member of the academy for twenty-seven years, and was for several years professor of art in University College, London.



A new portrait of Emma Farnes, the prima-donna, who will be heard this season at the Metropolitan Opera House as *Elizabeth* in "Tannhäuser." She may also sing the rôle of *Sieglinde* in "Die Walküre."



Madame Lillian Nordica, the American prima-donna, who says that Jean de Reszké used his influence to crowd her out of the Metropolitan Opera Company in favor of another singer. M. de Reszké denies this.—Copyright photograph by Aimé Dupont.



A new photograph of Madame Melba, the Australian prima-donna, in whose favor, Madame Nordica says, Jean de Reszké used his influence. Madame Melba will take the part of *Brünnhilde* in "Siegfried."



Richard Mansfield, an artistic and erratic actor, who will begin his New York engagement at the Garden Theatre next week. His repertoire will include "The Merchant of Venice" and a new play of the time of King Charles, entitled "Castle Sombras."—Photograph by Baker's Art Gallery.



Alice Pierce, a new member of the Mansfield company. She is barely sixteen years old. Mr. Mansfield declares she is the first real dramatic genius he has encountered in this country, and predicts that she may become to him what Ellen Terry is to Irving. She will be seen as *Jessica* in "The Merchant of Venice."—Photograph by Pach.



A new photograph of Olga Nethersole, one of the best actresses that have come from England for several generations. Her New York engagement will begin at the Knickerbocker Theatre on January 25th.



The famous comedy trio in the new opera-bouffe, "Brian Boru," which is having a most successful run at the Broadway Theatre. Amelia Summerville, who cleverly burlesqued *Trilby* last season, is in the centre. John Slavin is at the right, and Richard Carroll on the left.



Auguste van Biene, the actor-musician, in a scene in his play "The Broken Melody," which ran for over a thousand nights in London. He has talent and looks like a genius. But he seems to have spoiled the artistic value of his cello playing, and also of his acting, by performing for the sake of immediate applause. "Musicians will think him a great actor; actors will think him a great musician," said a wit on his first appearance.



The venerable soldier saying grace is a native of Armenia, but a veteran of the Salvation Army.

THANKSGIVING DINNER FOR ARMENIAN REFUGEES AT SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS.—FROM A DRAWING BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 347.]



The Waldorf is the swell place in New York just now, and French cooks hold sway, but the national bird is by no means neglected when Thanksgiving day comes round.

PREPARING THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE KITCHEN OF THE WALDORF.—FROM A DRAWING BY VICTOR PERARD.
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THE WINNER OF THE PRIZE.

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

PART I.

SKEENE stood at the window of his rather modish sky-parlor, watching the park. His clear-lined face wore a cloud which was not cast upon its youth and freshness by the gathering gloom. He was only thirty; he had an income of three thousand dollars left him by his dead parents; he often made, by his novels, considerably more each year, and his novels had gained him an appreciable vogue. Other men with whom he associated in the clubs and artists' studios and fashionable cafés envied him his bright and premature success. But he had his unhappy moods, and this evening a dismal one had made him its prey.

He had dined down-stairs, earlier than usual, in the restaurant of the great apartment-house. He had intended to finish a short story for a magazine which had specially requested the manuscript at a certain near date. But somehow he had let his cigar go out as his spirits waned, and he now stood with its ash-tipped remnant unconsciously wedged between two fingers, while his gaze roamed over the black, lace-like traceries of the winter trees, and marked new stars come sparkling out in the vault of crystal blue.

He was thinking of Helen Vallance, and asking himself if it would be wise to go and mingle among her guests that night. He had told her twice during the past year that he loved her, and then, each time, a certain defiant sweetness in her face had seemed to veto his going further. She was an heiress and had many suitors. He, one of them, was only Hubert Skeene, no great match for any girl; and besides, a man whom she seemed to care for beyond all other devotees was just now rather constantly at her side.

This man was "literary," like himself, and of about his own age, though decidedly less successful. His pathway had been paved, so to speak, with opportunity, though thus far his two or three published books had fallen flat, and his minor efforts at essay or fiction were held in light esteem. He had begun writing as the son of his deceased father, and to be the son of that father was in itself a dignity and an honor. When his first work appeared it bore the great name of Maxwell Volmar, and all the thousands who had read "Sybil Clyde," and "The Harp of the Heart," and "The Man with Two Souls," and other famous creations, were warm in their welcome. But somehow this new Maxwell Volmar had proved a popular disappointment. Hubert had read one or two of his books, and had then always insisted that Volmar the younger had suffered rather than profited by the immense vogue which greeted his advent into the field of letters. He had said openly that the young man's manner was so utterly opposite from his father's as to prejudice readers against a name associated with such different yet strong and talented endeavor. Not alone openly he had said this, but once or twice, in a random though critical way (he rarely touched criticism of any sort) the writing of it had slipped from his pen. But latterly he had ceased from any mention of Volmar whatever. The man had become a friend of Helen Vallance since their meeting at Bar Harbor two summers ago. Perhaps for this reason—Skeene could think of no other—Volmar had often, to his certain knowledge, assailed him both with tongue and pen. The oral abuse he failed to hear, though not a little of it had been faithfully reported to him by kind friends of either sex. But the written abuse, while unsigned, he could see rather often, if so disposed, in the weekly *Criterion*. The *Criterion* employed Volmar on its staff of reviewers, and there was no mistaking the metallic trenchancy of his style. Every time that Skeene brought out a book Volmar would tear it to pieces. But no one had ever seen the victim wince, and somehow, from his perfect amiability on the subject and quick dismissal of it when presented to him, people got the impression that Skeene did not care much one way or the other.

And the plain truth was, he did not. Now and then he would tell himself that his hating of Maxwell Volmar was quite in the order of things, but that somehow he had not time for it. He hated, it is true, the idea that Helen Vallance should ever marry Volmar, for he thought him an envious, imperious self-worshiper, who could not bring happiness to any truly womanly woman.

On the other hand, he devoutly loved his art, adored Helen without any but the vaguest hope of winning her, and was deeply fond of Robert Westwood (or "Bobby," as all who knew him well spontaneously named him), an artist of slight talent but most jovial and engaging soul.

When, some time later that evening, a knock sounded at Skeene's door, he opened it to admit Bobby, a chubby and merry person, with short gold curls and dancing blue eyes.

"Not going to the Vallances', Hu?"

"I hadn't thought of it, Bobby," fibbed his host, who had thought of it a great deal, as we know. And so Bobby rather impudently told him; for he knew all about his friend's half-hopeless passion.

"You and she haven't quarreled?" he went on. "No, though, I needn't ask that, for you never quarrel with any one; do you, my boy?"

"I rarely feel like it," said Skeene, with one of his rich, gay smiles. "Neither do you."

"I've felt like it several times lately," fumed Bobby Westwood. "I mean when I've read the nasty, cruel things Maxwell Volmar has written about your work in two recent numbers of the *Criterion*."

"I told you," said Skeene, a little absently, "that I didn't think I would read either article; and the real truth is, I haven't even glanced at them."

Bobby shrugged his plump shoulders. "Your indifference is sublime. But then you can afford it; you write good novels. Now I, who paint bad pictures, and am sometimes on the verge of starvation for that same reason—"

"Bobby," Skeene broke in, "if you ever again dare to tell me you're on the verge of starvation I'll take you and drop you from the verge of that window."

Bobby laughed, a trifle uneasily. Many a time had Skeene forced money into his fat, pink little hand when bills were pressing and "dealers" were impregnable. The debts had been religiously paid, but religion, like law, has its delays; and while the creditor had kept no account of his glad, eager loans, the debtor often felt himself grimly in arrears.

"Volmar should be ashamed of his mean skits, Hu. He may have the bad literary taste to dislike your lovely work, but that's no excuse for the bad social taste of making lots of folk think him brutally jealous. I was going on to say, when you interrupted me with your murderous threat, dear boy, that if they sky me at the academy shows and give me three lines of contempt in the newspapers, I churn myself into disgraceful furies. I haven't your splendid self-security to fall back upon. You're fond of your art, and so am I of mine. But your art is fond of you, and mine isn't of me—that makes such a monstrous difference!"

Here Bobby delivered himself of a mammoth sigh, which ill became his blithe, rosy face. "Well," he pursued, airily, after a moment, "I've gone into your art for once, by way of a 'flyer,' as I've already informed you. It's nearly time the *Advocate* announced who has won that five-thousand-dollar prize for the best American novel."

"Oh, yes, Bobby, and you've competed, haven't you?" said Skeene. "I do so hope you'll get the prize." He had made this last remark half a dozen times before, but he always felt like laughing aloud while it left his lips. The idea of poor little Bobby Westwood, who had failed so forlornly as a painter, shooting into celebrity as a novelist! Still, there always came the after-thought. Bobby, when all was said, had a brisk, vivid style as a letter-writer, and his worst foe could not accuse him of a want of wit. The *Advocate*, that powerful newspaper, had proposed its enticing prize many weeks ago. Skeene, on the whole, had very slight hope for his beloved friend; and sometimes, when Bobby spoke of his contribution with a certain boastful air, lightly sketching the serious yet humorous intrigue of its plot and the faults or virtues of its characters, his listener would feel even that limited hope dwindle. For how could the untrained hand of a novice treat adequately, he would ask himself, this breezy yet complex argument that would tax the powers of a veteran story-teller?

"Farquhar will be at the Vallances' tonight," Bobby soon proceeded. "That is one reason why I intend to go." (Farquhar was the editor-in-chief of the *Advocate*, a power in journalism, and a man whose portrait some one had sneeringly etched in a single pen-stroke as the amalgam of a scholar and a fop.) "I shouldn't at all mind easing my troubled breast, Hubert, by a little private information as to just when the fateful edict will be proclaimed. And you're going, too, of course. Take off that smoking-jacket and we'll start in five minutes."

But Skeene demurred, with one leg flung over a side of his arm-chair, and his head posed backward against its tufted rear.

"Of course Helen and I still stay good friends, Bobby, and I hope we always shall. But I know

these 'evenings' of hers so well! Some people say that she gives them out of egotism, mixing the fashionables and the upper bohemians in a sort of defiance to our arid plutocratic codes. But that's all absurd, as we both know. She gives them out of pure, generous hospitality, there in her beautiful house, and out of a very admirable scorn for those rigors of caste which a girl of her wealth and beauty and popularity can well afford to show. There's nothing in New York much nicer, and the 'best people,' I notice, for all their covert disdain, rarely stay away when she chooses to invite them. Still, for my own part, I've got to know pretty well what I get whenever I go. A few tantalizing glimpses of Helen herself and a few tantalizing words with her. I'm one of a big throng, and Volmar is sure to be there, and Van Styne, the young millionaire, and Etheredge, the worshipping elderly widower, and half a dozen others who would give their right hands, including one or two fingers of their left, to marry her. And I chat with women who bore me—for all women, as you know, bore me when she is present—and I try to listen when somebody sings or somebody plays or somebody recites, and I have a few words with her dear, sweet, inane, uninteresting mother (breathe it not in Gath that I dared so to defame that kindest and winsomest of middle-aged widows), and I go away dissatisfied, desolated, willfully and illogically morose. No; a thrice-told tale isn't any word for it. To me, nowadays, it's like 'a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing.' I prefer to see Helen at other times—when she deigns to let me. At a Philharmonic, I mean, or a picture-show, or an afternoon tea, or even by appointment an hour or two before dinner, among the lamps and palms of her own (otherwise empty) drawing-rooms."

But, nevertheless, Skeene accompanied his friend to the Vallances' that evening. He had never missed but two such entertainments in all his acquaintance with her. Once was when he had quinsy sore throat, and once was when he served as "best man" at the wedding of a friend in Philadelphia. And then he had missed the train which would have got him back to New York in time, and had cursed his luck for several days after.

Helen gave him precisely the same affable greeting that she gave to Bobby. Volmar, tall and dark, was not far away; but neither, for that matter, were several other devotees. None of the fellows were getting any special attention from their divinity, Skeene told himself; he had dropped into the way of calling Helen's idolators "the fellows." And besides, this was one of her very "enterprising" nights. Somebody was always "doing something" in the line of instrumental music, or vocalism, or elocution. Presently a man with an enormous bald head and magnificent Hebrew eyes made a moaning sound with his fiddle-bow, and Helen looked round among her babbling guests with a finger laid against her lips. It was all very much the same as Skeene had repeatedly found it before. To-night, however, Helen wore an odd green gown that gave to her creamy skin and saffron hair an unwonted effect. That green gown dominated for poor Skeene, just then, life, death, and the human soul. The violinist seemed to play green; the irrepressible whisperers whispered green; and green burned the lights of the electric, inside their delicate lily-shaped shades, jutting from the artistic, pomegranate-tinted walls. There are surprises to a man in love whose triviality equals those of a new comet or a new planetary satellite to an astronomer. But another surprise was awaiting him. During the applause which followed the strains of the violinist, Helen turned her eyes full upon his face. He instantly knew that her glance meant a summons. In a trice he was at her side.

"You look a little pale," she said.

"You're so good to notice me at all," breathed Skeene.

"Cigarettes again, I suppose. You promised me not to smoke another till New Year's."

"I've kept my word."

"Really?"

"Really!"

That ended the audience. "Dear Mr. Poppenhausen," she was saying, the next minute, to a spectacled, raw-boned Teuton, who had lately made himself notorious by declaring in the *Transatlantic Review* that Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven were all as penny-whistles compared with the glorious organic grandeur of Wagner, "I'm so glad to welcome you, even though you are scandalously late!"

Skeene moved backward from the presence, pierced with triumphant pleasure. Had Volmar and the other "fellows" got any more than that, this evening, even if they had got so much? He doubted it.

Just then a hand gently plucked his sleeve. He looked round and saw Farquhar, the editor of the *Advocate*.

Farquhar was a towering fellow, perhaps sixty, all florid coloring and bushy gray whiskers and fleshly assertiveness.

"My dear Skeene," he said, "I was sure to find you here. We've been having a terrible time with those prize novels. I don't dare tell you how many thousands of them have come in, but out of the whole mass not more than thirty were found worthy of serious heed."

"You don't tell me!" replied Skeene, in his politely placid way. "Poor Bobby," he was inwardly saying.

"Then," pursued Farquhar, "these thirty were turned over to a little committee of six able men. You'd know whom I mean if I should reveal their names. But never mind that."

"Certainly—never mind that," acquiesced Skeene. He had decided that the green gown was not a success, and that he would tell her so the next time they met, and was wondering how she would take it, and whether it might not mean an awful fortnight of estrangement. Of course he could lie shamelessly, and declare to her—

"Are you listening, my dear Skeene?" pleaded the great Farquhar, who rarely conceded more than a bow to any literary man or woman he encountered in society, but who always made an exception of his present interlocutor as a person not only wishing no favors from him, but one "going everywhere" and "knowing everybody."

"Listening, Farquhar?" said Skeene. "Why, what a question, to be sure!"

"All right, then. Excuse me. I—I thought you seemed rather preoccupied. And no wonder. Considering your last delightful book, I should say that you never went into the social world without being impressed by traits in people that escape most men. Now, as to this prize novel, the queerest thing has occurred. Those six able men, of whom I told you, cannot agree upon a verdict. They've reduced the thirty novels to two, and there they are! Three of them say that one is the best—three more of them say it is the other. Now, as a great, a very great favor, Skeene, I am asking you to be my umpire. Both manuscripts are type-written and neither is very long. Nobody has yet, you know, the faintest idea who wrote them. Nor shall anybody (I promise you most sacredly) ever suspect that the final decision has been yours. By that decision I should most gladly abide, for I wish to have the clearest of consciences at the end of this fight, and to feel that I have given freest play to the natural forces of justice. You may disclose, if you please, the fact of your having aided and honored me by assuming the office, but that will be an affair quite of your own choice." Here Farquhar paused for a moment, and his great frame appeared to yield itself in a series of submissive curves toward Skeene. For years, perhaps, he had never looked less like the autocrat of the *Advocate* than now. "I have dreaded your refusal," he went on, "and yet my knowledge of your native amiability has made me hopeful."

Skeene was pulling at his mustache and thinking of Bobby. Surely the waters of competition had long ago closed over his friend's curly blonde head! Farquhar's last sentence had been an adroit one. Like all large-hearted people, Skeene always found it hardest to resist the doing of a service when pure kindness was presented as its main motive.

Almost before he realized his own complaisance he had consented to the whole arrangement, and was having his hand effusively pressed by the broader one of his companion.

"All I can answer, dear Skeene, is—command me hereafter. Anything the *Advocate* can do for you is yours at the asking. A meagre tribute of gratitude, I'm aware; for your place in the letters of your land and time, dear boy, is now beyond either the push of its praise or the sting of its blame."

"And you reviled me as a neophyte, seven years ago, in your paper, when my first novel came out, you rascal," thought Skeene, carelessly. "It's lucky for you—since you want of me this umpireship so much—that I don't bear grudges."

(To be concluded.)

Together.

Oh, the lonely mountains—the crags and heather!

The bodiless wind and the lifted sky!

And, oh, that we two were there together

In the wild, bright solitude, you and I;

The heaven above and the earth below us,

Where no one ever could find nor know us!

Life is a load in the valley places;

We bear it, grieving, though lips be dumb.

Love is a chain in the pent-town spaces;

It is wings on the mountain-top. Oh, come!

Fly to the heights, where the sunset splendor

Lingers latest in kisses tender.

Ah, glad when the last long night is falling,

We two could sink to our last sweet sleep,

With faint spent echoes around us calling,

And silence over us, vast and deep—

Alone, 'mid the crags and the rough, brown heather,

In death's soft darkness, alone—together!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

"The Chrysostom of America."

REV. DR. RICHARD SALTERS STORRS, of the Church of the Pilgrims (Congregational), Brooklyn, whose fiftieth year of service as pastor of that church was rounded out November 19th, has attained such fame as a scholar, preacher, and citizen, that not only his church, but his



THE REV. DR. STORRS.

fellow-citizens of Brooklyn and his admirers throughout Christendom, naturally have made so notable a thing in itself as the anniversary of fifty years' pastorate in one church the occasion of many other demonstrations of respect and affection. Fifty years in one pastorate is a phenomenal record in these days of unrest, ecclesiastical and theological, as well as otherwise. But Dr. Storrs's paternal ancestors were Congregational clergymen of the old school; he inherited more than his name from them; he also won their secret of length of life and service.

If Dr. Storrs, when he was graduated from Amherst College in 1839, at the age of eighteen, had persisted in studying law with Rufus Choate his career as a jurist and civic statesman doubtless would have been as brilliant and his fame as permanent as his career as a Christian divine and ecclesiastical statesman has been and will be, and it is interesting to speculate now as to how much of his characteristic style as an orator and writer is due to the influence of Choate and how much to Webster, and whether his fame might not have equaled theirs as pleaders at the Bar and in the Congressional forum. But the call to preach came, theology was studied at Andover Seminary, and after a very brief pastorate in Brookline, Massachusetts, he went, in 1846, to minister to the then newly-formed congregation of New-Englanders, born and bred, who resided in the town of Brooklyn.

He grew as the town and church grew, and soon won fame for his eloquence. Study of the best literature of all ages stocked his mind with food for thought, and then his own peculiar gifts in arranging and expressing thought, plus a physical equipment approaching the ideal, enabled him to address men with singular authority and persuasion. In due time he came to be recognized as the stateliest, most finished pulpit orator of this country, and in a city of great preachers he has had supremacy. Not perhaps as the instructor or inspirer of the many, but as one who, on great religious or civic occasions could voice in the greatest way the highest thought of the people. Thus it is that he has won for himself the title of "The Chrysostom of America."

As the son of one who was an editor as well as a preacher, it was natural that Dr. Storrs should take a laboring oar on the editorial staff of the New York Independent from 1848 to 1861. As president of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions since 1887, he has guided that great missionary organization through the shoals of internal strife and brought it out into the deep waters of harmony again. As orator at many of our most famous civic festivals, and as lecturer before the Brooklyn Institute, the Lowell Institute, Boston, and the students at Yale, Princeton, and theological seminaries, he has produced work of highest historical, literary, and homiletic value; while his *magnum opus* is his book, "The Divine Origin of Christianity Indicated by Its Historical Effects," published in 1884.

Of finest old New England Puritan stock and incarnating its highest ideals, Dr. Storrs has always exalted righteousness above material prosperity, and whenever national or municipal honor has been assailed he has poured forth his withering condemnation, using both the pulpit and the rostrum for this purpose. The last set of men to feel this lash were the makers of the Chicago platform and the followers of Mr. Bryan.

Dr. Storrs is a conservative in theology, but not a reactionary; a wit as well as a wise man; a lover of the good things of this life as well as the next. Grown portly now with age, he once was an Apollo in figure and grace. A Puritan, he has never fallen into the mistake of "disesteeming things aesthetic or condemning the minor elegancies of life, of letters, of personal manners and social equipment,"—to quote his own words; and yet he believes as truly as did his fathers that it is only by adhering to the Puritan conception of God's providence and man's responsibility to God, that our civilization will be saved from dry rot. "All progress, or what calls itself 'culture,' will only make us tender, luxurious, and inert, if this be absent. All simply material accumulations will but make in the end a bigger bonfire to be touched by the torch of agrarian passion."

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The First Flag-maker of America.

THE personal element, so closely interwoven with all historical events, and touching, as it does in us all, the sense of the universal brotherhood of man, often forms the most attractive feature about the history of the race. So around the emblem of our nation—the Stars and Stripes—there gathers a deeper interest when something is known of the woman whose fingers first fashioned it.

About the time of the Boston Tea-party there lived in Philadelphia a young girl named Elizabeth Griscom. She was skilled with her needle, and in many housewifely ways; and when she married John Ross, and shortly afterward became a widow, her ability in sewing, upholstering, and laundering became her chief means of support.

A "Friend," or Quaker, by birth, she possessed the sweet cleanliness which characterizes her people; and when Washington's shirt-frills and sleeve-ruffles required an especial touch of freshness he was in the habit of calling upon the young widow and leaving them in her hands. No doubt the love of her country, which filled the heart beneath the modest Quaker kerchief, was the cause of many an extra rinsing and clear-starching of the frills which were to adorn the person of the great general; albeit her work would never see the battle-field, but would be reserved for receptions and scenes of state which the quiet life of Elizabeth Ross could only know in imagination.

The time approached for the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and for our country to draw her first breath of freedom, when it became evident to the chief directors of the nation that there must be a suitable flag to represent the new condition. There were some conferences as to the form and colors this flag should take; and one day in June, 1776, a committee of the Continental Congress, accompanied by General Washington, called upon Mrs. Ross—then called, after the custom of the time, "Betsy" Ross. They brought a design for a flag, and requested that she undertake the work.

At that time the girl-widow (for she was but twenty-four) lived in a small house on Arch Street, above Third, and in the little back parlor where she generally sat at her sewing, she received her distinguished visitors. The members of the committee were Robert Morris and an uncle of Mrs. Ross's husband, Colonel George Ross, who was later one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

As Washington showed her the design of the proposed flag roughly sketched on a piece of paper, Elizabeth, hesitating about undertaking so important a work, said simply that "she would try." On further consultation, she suggested that as the stars in the sketch were six-pointed—the same as those employed in the English heraldry—it would give more individuality to the American flag if the stars were of five points. Washington demurred a moment, on the score of the difficulty of cutting a star with an uneven number of points; but the deft fingers of the seamstress promptly folded a piece of paper, and with one clip of the scissors, which hung with pin-ball and needle-case at her side, produced a perfect five-pointed star.

Much pleased with her gentle manner and ready skill, the members of the committee submitted to Mrs. Ross their remaining suggestions, and after the design was partially redrawn she was left to make her sample flag according to her own arrangement of form and proportions.

When the flag was finished and sent to Congress it received the approval of the entire body; and word was sent to Betsy Ross that her flag having been accepted as the national standard, she was authorized to proceed at once with the making of quite a large number, to be subject to the disposal of the Continental Congress.

Such a sudden rise in her fortunes caused much trepidation in the heart of the modest

flag-maker. As she sat silently considering her new responsibility, her uncle, Colonel Ross, stepped into the little parlor. Betsy was a great favorite with him, and he knew well her ability to perform the task appointed; but knowing also her self-distrust and the limited state of the family exchequer, he laid upon the table a bank-note of ample denomination, cheerily giving his niece a word of encouragement, and bidding her buy immediately all the bunting she could secure in Philadelphia. Since shops were few and supplies limited in those early days, the city's stock of bunting was not so very great; but it was enough to keep Betsy's hands and those of her assistants busy for many days.

The size of the first flag made is not known; nor is there any information as to what became of the flag itself. According to a tradition in the family it was first floated as an experiment from the mast-head of a merchant-ship lying at Race Street wharf, but there is no really authentic statement about it. This is hardly a matter for surprise when we remember the tumultuous condition of public affairs at that time, and that few of the many events which were then making history were reckoned at their true importance.

We may, however, chronicle with certainty that the business of flag-making as established at that time by Elizabeth Ross was continued by her and her immediate descendants for some sixty odd years. She was twice married after her first widowhood, and lived to see the new republic well established—her death occurring in 1836. The small house on Arch Street in Philadelphia where she lived is still standing; between the higher buildings on either side it nestles snugly with its two and a half stories, and its many memories. The solid beams of wood which support its floors project through the masonry of the outer wall in the rear, and prove how substantially our forefathers builded; while the heavy shutters and window sashes, the curious hinges and locks, the corner cupboard where doubtless the best china was stored—all speak of a day that is gone.

Standing in the little room where the Quaker widow once sat at her work with the summer sunlight streaming through her open door, and the hum of bees among the hollyhocks, perhaps, making pleasant music as she sewed—we of today may appreciate, as she probably she did not, the real significance of her task. We know now that it was something more than a stitching of seams—than the snipping of threads, or the cutting of bunting—that was going on as the flag grew and grew under her steady workmanship. The little room was big with the spirit of a mighty movement; and the flag-maker and her flag marked the parting of two ways. Herein—in the making of the first Stars and Stripes—was epitomized, and brought as to a focus, the revolt of a people who preferred any hardship and privation to a supine submission to tyranny's dictates, and the rising of a nation of freemen giving their testimony to the great principle of democratic government—a nation that was to give, and has given, a master impulse to the progress of the world.

ELISABETH MOORE HALLOWELL.

The New Regime in Canada.

WHILE we have been absorbed with our Presidential election, interesting political developments have been occurring in Canada. A Tory régime which had lasted for eighteen years has come to an end, and as a result of the Dominion general election in June last a Liberal administration, with Mr. Wilfred Laurier as premier, is now in office in Ottawa. There has already been a short session of the new Parliament. It was, however, devoted exclusively to the voting of money, and all the legislative proposals of the new administration were postponed until next February. None of the business of this first Parliamentary session brought the Liberal House of Commons into conflict with the overwhelmingly Tory Senate, and so far there has been nothing but easy sailing for the Laurier administration. Its difficulties are still all ahead. Among the first that it will have to encounter when the work of the new Parliament really begins, will be the revision of the tariff and the settlement of the disturbing Manitoba school question.

Although no legislative proposals were brought forward during the first session of the new Parliament, the speeches of members of the Laurier administration have made public much information as to the programme and policy of the new government. The important bill of next session is to be the one for the revision of the tariff. In the meantime the Department of Trade and Commerce is collecting information from manufacturers and importers. As it now stands, the Canadian tariff is almost as protective as our own. Taking the duties all around, they average thirty-five per cent. The Laurier administration is entering on the work of revision with extreme caution.

Many of its supporters are committed by their speeches for the past ten years to a tariff for revenue only. That in Canada could not be a low tariff; because the greater proportion of the revenue of the Dominion must be raised at the custom-houses. An income-tax as a means of raising revenue for the national government is not one whit more popular in Canada than it is in this country. It is now extremely doubtful, however, whether by the coming revision the tariff will be brought down to one for revenue only. It is very unlikely that the protective principle will be abandoned.

In spite of the fact that in the last session of the English Parliament Canadian cattle were placed in the English meat markets on exactly the same level as American cattle, Mr. Laurier has not yet given up the hope that England will make some preferential trade arrangements to the advantage of Canada. In this matter he is not likely to achieve any greater success than fell to the lot of the Bowell administration when, last spring, it sent its Minister of Agriculture to London to plead for preferential terms for Canadian cattle. Mr. Laurier also intends to approach the new McKinley administration, with a view to securing a treaty of reciprocity with the United States. He has, however, so little to offer that it would seem hardly worth his while to send a mission to Washington on this errand. Since England excluded Canadian live cattle there has been some talk in Canada of abrogating the quarantine regulations by which American cattle are now excluded from the Dominion. This would be a movement principally in the interest of stock feeders in Canada, and would afford little basis for a reciprocity scheme. What else Canada has to offer which is of much value to America is not very obvious. The whole of her population as a market for American goods is not equal to that afforded by two large American cities.

Two other developments at Ottawa since the Laurier administration came into office also affect this country. Sir Charles Tupper's scheme for a line of quick steamers to Canada, intended to make a great inroad into the passenger trade of the port of New York, has fallen through. The late premier worked hard to the last day of his tenure of power to get the English government to subsidize his proposed new line. The Canadian government was also to grant a subsidy. In the closing days of his premiership, after his defeat at the polls, Sir Charles Tupper was cabling frantically to the colonial office in London to get his subsidy scheme sanctioned. But Mr. Chamberlain would have none of it, and although the scheme of a subsidized line of steamers is still under consideration at Ottawa, it has now dwindled down to a fast-freight-line undertaking, in which more attention is to be given to cold-storage for Canadian produce en route to England, than to securing fast passenger traffic of the class which comes to New York. If Sir Charles Tupper could have had his way there would have been a new line of twenty-two-knot steamers between Canada and England, and an attempt would have been made, by the use of money drawn from the English and the Dominion treasuries, to divert the best-paying class of the transatlantic passenger trade from New York. Fortunately for the Canadian people, who would have had to pay a large share of the bills, this scheme, like others of the wily premier, has come to naught.

The other development at Ottawa affecting the United States concerns immigration laws. Mr. Laurier made the announcement that, if the Washington government does not ease the alien immigration law in so far as it affects Canadians, he will retaliate with a Dominion immigration law. This is a terrible threat in view of the fact that for one American who strays across the line into Canada to seek work there are thousands of Canadians who come on the same errand to this country. The tricks of the European immigration agent make necessary the strict observance of the immigration law on our Northern frontier, and the existing law is not likely to be abrogated in response to an unstatesmanlike threat like that held out by the Canadian premier. EDWARD PORRITT.

Armenian Refugees.

At the headquarters of the Salvation Army may be seen every day some twenty or thirty of the band of Armenian refugees lately removed from Ellis Island. They have quarters in the great building in Fourteenth Street, where the kindly Salvationists have made them welcome and happy. Their meals are served in picnic fashion in a great empty room given up to that purpose. When the artist visited them at the noon hour a smoking dish of stewed vegetables was being served, with boiled meat, bread and butter, and mighty cups of tea. A quaint little old figure with a patriarchal beard, clad in an archaic coat with many buttons, and a bright Salvation Army badge, stood up and chanted grace.



FRANK MURPHY, CAPTAIN AND TACKLE OF THE YALE ELEVEN.



YALE PLAYERS PRACTICING STARTING QUICKLY AT THE SNAP OF THE BALL.



GARRET COCHRAN, CAPTAIN AND END RUSH OF THE PRINCETON ELEVEN.



1. Murphy. 2. Hinkey. 3. Chadwick. 4. Bass. 5. Rodgers. 6. Benjamin. 7. Connor. 8. Hazen. 9. Chamberlain. 10. Murray. 11. Ely. 12. Van Every. 13. Chauncey. 14. McFarlan.

THE YALE ELEVEN AND SUBSTITUTES.



LOUIS HINKEY, ON WHOM YALE RELIES TO MEET BAIRD IN THE KICKING LINE.

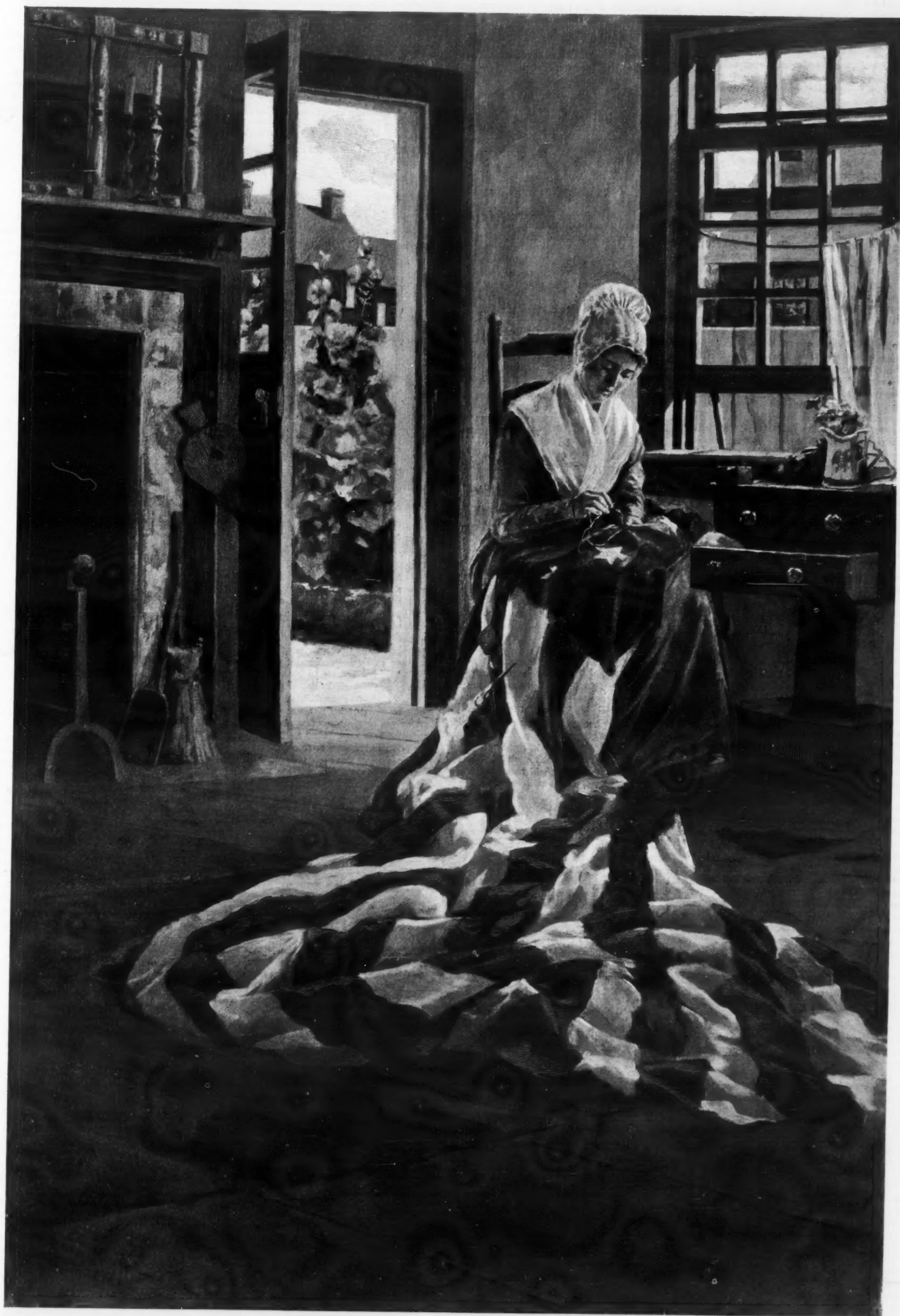


YALE'S CENTRE FORMATION WITH FINCKE IN POSITION TO RECEIVE BALL.



JOHNNY BAIRD, PRINCETON'S STAR KICKER.

THE YALE FOOT-BALL PLAYERS WHO WILL ENDEAVOR TO CAPTURE THE COLORS OF THE TIGER AT MANHATTAN FIELD, NEW YORK CITY, ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 21ST.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 351.]



BETSY ROSS MAKING THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG.—FROM A DRAWING BY ELISABETH MOORE HALLOWELL.—[SEE PAGE 347.]
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Utilization of Natural Forces.

It is a curious fact that in a great manufacturing country like the United States the vast resources of water-power are, comparatively speaking, ignored and neglected. It is no exaggeration to say that for every mill turned by water a hundred might be in operation. The million and a quarter horse-power which is derived from water is overshadowed by twice or thrice that amount of steam-power. The former may be compared to its own mill-pond, standing still in the march of industry, while the latter is pushing forward with the speed and power of the locomotive. For example, the increase of steam-power in this country in the decade closed in 1880 was eighty per cent., while water power increased in the same period but 8.4 per cent. That the latter could be almost immeasurably increased, if warranted by economic conditions, is proven by the report of Professor Swain, the census expert, who says: "A calculation based upon the best data obtainable furnishes the astonishing result that the total theoretical power of our streams, taken at an average throughout the year, reaches the enormous figure of over two hundred million horse-power. Such is the energy developed by our rivers, streams, and brooks, of which we are using a little over one-half of one per cent. Could it be utilized, the power afforded would probably be more than sufficient to turn all the machinery of the globe."

Steam has triumphed over all its rivals. The water-mill has become a relic of a past age, and the wind-mill is pre-historic. At the close of the last decade the triple-expansion engine was set up almost in the spray of the waterfall, and the locomotive found a level road-bed upon the abandoned tow-path of the canal. But another power came upon the scene; or, to speak more accurately, another method of utilizing power, with the ability to take power from any original source—from steam, from water, or from the winds—and to transmit it to a distant point for utilization. At once the science of mechanics was revolutionized. As soon as the electrical transmission of power became instead of a theory a practical reality, every waterfall, every coal deposit, no matter how remote from manufacturing centres, took an added value in the eyes of commercial users of power. The mind of man cannot measure the possibilities embraced in the dynamo and the copper cable. Niagara Falls, with its one hundred and twenty thousand horse-power directly available (five hundred thousand horse-power in the future) has been harnessed, but not until the principle of the electrical transmission of power from turbine to motor had been demonstrated, with various degrees of success, at Schaffhausen, on the Rhine; at Fribourg, on the Sarine; at Geneva, on the Rhone; at Guadalupe, Mexico, and at a hundred other places in the mountain regions of Europe and America; all on a much smaller scale, but illustrating the feasibility of the practical utilization of water-power through electricity.

Who can doubt that in the space of a very few years, in place of the present Lilliputian water-mills there will be Brobdingnagian turbines, utilizing the vast reservoirs of energy placed by the wisdom of the Creator in every part of this broad continent? The mountain regions, so long looked upon as the waste places of the earth, hold treasures for posterity that will "far outshine the wealth of Ormus or of Ind." The bases of the Alleghanies, the Rockies, and the Sierras, with the vast plains at their feet, will throb with the energy generated by the streams fed by their living springs. The glaciers of the giant peaks of Oregon and Washington hold sufficient power in their icy grasp to turn every factory wheel and light and warm every building in those States for a century to come, while the thousand mountain streams along the rocky barrier from Montana to New Mexico will perform the double duty of supplying power to the millions who will people those States (mills, mines, railroads, etc.), and irrigating the soil to provide for their sustenance.

Chicago has it in contemplation to light seven hundred miles of streets with power obtained from its great drainage canal, when the waters of Lake Michigan are poured through it into the Illinois River; New York is looking forward to the day when power may be brought down from Niagara or from the Catskills; Boston is within the sphere of the Merrimack Falls; Washington can get an abundant supply of power to light every street and public building from the Great Falls of the Potomac, where one hundred thousand horse-power is running to waste; Baltimore and Philadelphia are situated near the tide-water step that runs along the base of the Alleghanies, while Richmond is directly on the step, with fifty thousand horse-power in sight. In fact, few, if any, of our great cities are beyond the reach, if we may proceed upon the assumption of Tesla (who says that the power of Niagara may be

carried ultimately over any part of the American continent), of the energy of some cataract or storage of water.

The sudden awakening to a knowledge of an inexhaustible resource of power, and the ability to use it, must result in a great revolution in economic conditions, far greater than that brought about by the introduction of steam. This revolution will be felt in a greatly enhanced production, with cheaper cost to the consumer, together with a large increase and general extension of the comforts of life, such as may be included in transportation, power for domestic purposes, light and heat, including fuel, the cost of which will be considerably reduced. In the cities there will be, one may well believe, a wonderful transformation, and that within the cognizance of the present generation. The use of steam in the thousands of isolated plants will be generally abolished, light and power being delivered through the agency of electricity from central plants situated perhaps a hundred or two hundred miles distant. (Who dares set the limit?) The dangers of the steam-boiler and the furnace in crowded buildings and beneath the sidewalks of the city, and the discomforts of the wholesale consumption of coal will be done away with for a cleaner, a safer, and a healthier system.

Nor is it to be inferred that because we have water-power we shall have no more steam and coal. Not at all. But there will be a more rational and economical consumption of coal, necessitated by the cheapness of the power generated by the turbine wheel and transmitted from the dynamo to the motor. It will no longer pay to mine coal and ship it hundreds of miles to the cities by our present cumbersome and wasteful methods (losing thirty to fifty per cent.) when its essence can be better sent by wire. It requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that in the beginning of the next century the coal will be burned at the mine shaft, and every ton brought to the surface will be utilized. The power-plant located at the mine, burning the "run of the mine" either as coal or in the form of gas, can better compete with the power-plant at the falls than can the furnace and boiler in the city. There will be no more black hills of culm at the mines, disfiguring the face of the country and choking the streams, and no ashes and cinders to worry the city consumer. The copper wires in the underground conduit will carry the energy safely and economically to the point of consumption, and the railroad or factory engineer, or the housewife in the home, need but to press a button to send the train at a hundred miles an hour; to set the spindles or lathes in motion; to heat the house, or to cook the dinner.

The social phases inevitably accompanying this mechanical revolution may be far more beneficial than the economical gains, great as they will doubtless be. The saving to the housekeeper in time and labor will make her a new woman indeed, and the general introduction of the electric stove may reasonably be expected to cause a decided advance in the health and happiness of the race.

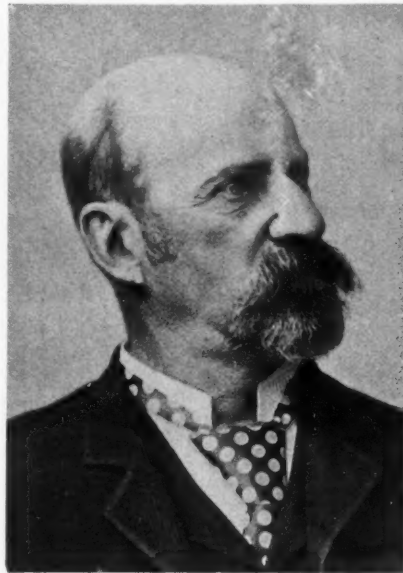
Whether the distribution of power from the falls and the mines will always remain in the hands of corporations of capitalists is a problem that the future must decide. There is no denying, however, that the object-lesson of the universal public use of natural forces will be a powerful one from a collectivist point of view, and should any State (as Wyoming or Utah, for example) undertake the distribution of electric power, as cities distribute gas and water, the experiment would be watched with the greatest interest by the whole civilized world.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

Napoleon Sarony.

So another living landmark of Gotham has disappeared forever! Poor Napoleon Sarony, the queer little specimen of humanity whom we have so often seen toddling along New York's leading thoroughfare, his coat-collar turned up, his hands behind his back, and so absent of mind as to rarely notice passing acquaintances, has gone over to the great majority! A sigh escapes me as I write these lines, for, although I did not enjoy the pleasure of a very close acquaintanceship with the little man, I had grown to regard him as an indispensable factor in the enjoyment of my daily Broadway stroll. His appearance on the street at dusk was an ever-ready reminder to me of my earlier bohemian days, when all the wit, the jollity, all the *Lebenslust*—excuse my German—of New York art-life was concentrated in the bosom of that peripatetic organization, the Charcoal Club. We met first in one studio, then in another, sometimes at Marc Gambier's, on Fourteenth Street, but more often at Sarony's, and I can warrant you that the fun on such occasions was fast and furious. Little Sarony himself was the very life of the reunions as well as their chief promoter and financial backer. He could tell a story, join in a chorus, or do a lightning-sketch act on

canvas with the best of them; and when I explain that the list of entertainers included "Hop" Smith, Charley Graham, Frank Lincoln, "Jim" Wales, Kyle and Burnham, it will be understood that the competition he had to deal with was of no uncertain quality. Let it not be imagined, however, that the Charcoal Club was a mere gathering of gay spirits intent upon social enjoyment. There was a more serious object behind it all, namely, that of encouraging the legitimate aspirations of budding geniuses in every branch of art. Hence the occasional exhibitions of oils, water-colors, and black-and-whites under the club's auspices, the musicales attended by the shining lights of the concert-hall and the lyric stage, the



NAPOLEON SARONY.

literary soirées graced by the presence of the foremost poets, novelists, and critics of the day. Sarony's special hobby was the encouragement of painters and illustrators, of course, and knowing of his many kindnesses to the youngsters of the fraternity, as well as of his generous disposition in general, I did not feel surprised to learn that, despite his success as an artist and a photographer, he had gone to his grave a poor man. The daily press has paid a well-deserved tribute to his picturesque personality, so inseparably linked with the history of our "up-town growth," but it nevertheless seems to me that his name should be honored less as the originator of modern methods in portrait-photography than as that of the man who contributed in the largest measure to the introduction of the right influences in our art-world, and to the creation of the atmosphere so indispensable to the growth of true art. The pursuit of the almighty dollar was a very secondary consideration, as the event has shown, in Napoleon Sarony's career. It was only meet that such a man should number among his pallbearers representatives of some of the best-known painters in the community. Peace to his ashes!

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

The Champion Bicyclist of 1896.

TOM MONARCH COOPER, the phenomenon of 1895 and the champion of 1896, is but twenty-three years old, is five feet, ten and a half inches tall, weighs in training one hundred and seven-



ty-two pounds, and previous to 1894 was unknown in the racing world. In this year he achieved a little local prominence as a handicap rider at his home in Detroit, Michigan. Entering on the national circuit late in July last year, Cooper at once stamped himself as a rider of the first rank by defeating Bald, the hitherto unconquered Class B champion, nine times in as many days. Following this he won nine races in a week on the Canadian circuit, making a string of eighteen successive victories in a little over two weeks—a record equaled but once, and then by the only Zimmerman. By winning more races in his two months on the circuit than any of his competitors did in four, Cooper finished the season of 1895 with a record easily stamping him the man of the year.

The past year his record has been even more brilliant. He defeated his old rival, Bald, in twenty-one of the thirty-three races in which they met. He won four of the six national championship races at Louisville, viz.: quarter-mile, third-mile, two-miles, and five miles. The Monarch star also won the great record race at Springfield and the mile invitation at Manhattan Beach, defeating Bald, Butler, Gardner, and Johnson. Cooper's 1896 record is indeed one to be proud of, and the young champion bears his honors modestly. He is steady in his habits, quiet and gentleman-like in character, and very faithful in training. All of these things are necessary to a successful career in the cycle racing world. Cooper made his reputation on a Monarch, and still rides it.

FOUR PLAYERS

It is hardly likely that the extraordinary success which Wilson Barrett's spectacular drama, "The Sign of the Cross," has met with in England will be repeated here. The piece was presented on a magnificent scale at the Knickerbocker Theatre last week, and the impression made upon the audience was not of the kind usually produced by a play containing the elements of permanent success. There are several reasons why it might succeed in England and not here. To begin with, the subject does not appeal as strongly to the average American as it does to the average Englishman. In England they have an Established Church and every one at least makes a display of religion. A play glorifying that religion and presenting vivid pictures of the struggles of its early martyrs could not, therefore, fail to interest a large public. Moreover, the English theatres are not one-class theatres as they are here. A London audience is made up of the swell set, the great middle class, and the plain, every-day people. Critical auditors are in a minority, while in our best theatres they are in the majority. Had "The Sign of the Cross" been presented at the Grand Opera House or the Academy of Music, where it belongs, its fate in this country might have been different.

It is melodrama pure and simple, and poor melodrama at that. It has absolutely no literary value whatsoever; it would be impossible to conceive weaker and more puerile dialogue. It has neither poetry nor evidences of imagination or taste. On the other hand, the crude materials have been rather deftly woven together in a conventional and theatrical way, and the result is an old-fashioned penny-dreadful melodrama which some people may think "real exciting."

The story is as follows: *Marcus Superbus*, prefect of Rome, has been ordered by *Nero* to exterminate all the Christians. He falls in love with *Mercia*, a Christian girl, and protects her from the zeal of his subordinates. He tries to triumph over her virtue, but is repulsed. The girl prefers a martyr's death to dishonor, and, won over to the religion by the fanatical heroism of its fair follower, *Marcus* becomes a Christian and meets death with *Mercia*. An idea of the general improbability of the piece may be gleaned from this illustration: *Marcus* has *Mercia* brought to his house. Inflamed by her beauty, he locks the doors and urges her to sin. She resists, and, maddened by this resistance, he is about to seize her when she draws a silver crucifix from her bosom and holds it toward him, as the soldiers do to *Mephistopheles* in "Faust." *Marcus*, who may or may not have seen a cross before, but who certainly could not have had any respect for it as a sacred symbol, suddenly desists and recoils. Of course it is thrilling and highly theatrical, but considered seriously it is ridiculous.

The piece has been elaborately staged by Messrs. Frohman and Sanger; the setting, in fact, is finer than the jewel. The acting in the main is good. Lillian McCarthy lends pathetic dignity and force to the rôle of *Mercia*, and Charles Dalton, apart from an inclination to follow the bad mannerisms of his prototype, Wilson Barrett, makes a manly and convincing *Superbus*. W. A. Elliott, who has mannerisms amusingly like Mansfield's, gives an artistic interpretation to the part of *Nero*. Gertrude

Boswell makes a sweet boy, and J. Carter Edwards is impressive as a Christian patriarch.

Miss Laura Louise Wallen, a daughter of the late General Wallen, has just returned to this country after an absence of two and a half years in Europe, where she devoted much time to the cultivation of her voice. Her success in London last season, first in drawing-rooms of her friends and



MISS LAURA LOUISE WALLEN.

later on the concert stage, was such that the manager of the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company offered her a three years' engagement, which she refused, not wishing to remain so long abroad. Just before sailing for home she sang with marked success at a musicale given under the auspices of the Duchess of Albany and of Lady Randolph Churchill. She will be heard in New York this winter.

Miss Wallen studied in Paris with Madame Viardot and other teachers, and in London with the elder Garcia. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of unusual beauty and range, powerful and very sympathetic.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose books are now being so widely discussed, is writing a play for Sarah Bernhardt, called "La Ville Morte" (The Dead City). He writes to a friend in this city that his second trilogy, "The Romances of the Lily," is to be followed by a third, entitled "The Romances of the Pomegranate." The first novel in this last series will be called "Fire," and will deal with the life of an Italian tragedienne well known in New York, who, I am inclined to believe, is none other than Eleonora Duse. The last book in the trilogy will be called the "Triumph of Life."

"Two Little Vagrants," an English adaptation of Pierre Decourcelle's melodrama, "Les Deux Gosses," which has been very successful in Paris, will be presented by Charles Frohman at the Academy of Music next Monday, the 23d instant.

Much money has been spent on the production of "Jack and the Beanstalk," now running at the Casino, but the extravaganza cannot be called a success. It is a feast for the eye, but that is all. The book is decidedly weak, lacking both in invention and humor.

The Lyceum stock company will return to the Lyceum Theatre next Tuesday, the 24th instant, and will present a comedy by Henry V. Esmond, an English author, entitled "The Courtship of Leonie." In the cast will be James K. Hackett, Ernest Hastings, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Mary Manning, Katherine Florence, Bessie Tyree, Mrs. Walcott, and others.

ARTHUR HORNBLow.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Yale vs. Princeton.

It is to be devoutly hoped that the Yale-Princeton foot-ball game will be devoid of frequent stops for alleged or real injury and disputes. The Harvard-Princeton game lost much from these causes, and they were to be more than ordinarily deplored because the game would otherwise have been highly pleasing on account of the abundance of kicking.

The Yale-Princeton match is sure to be fought out on kicking lines, and thus, with the assurance of the kind of open play which appeals most to the spectator, it is necessary that our interest be allowed, by continued play of the teams, to remain at fever heat.

As last year, these skilled athletes of the gridiron from New Haven and Princeton will meet at Manhattan Field, New York City, and while the former will endeavor, with their usual skill and determination, to retain their supremacy, the Tigers will play the most desperate of foot-ball to win and at the same time get even on Yale for defeating them last year when confidence in their ability to win was supreme. And as in 1895 it may be said right here that Princeton men, coaches and all, feel sure of victory.

This feeling of confidence is by no means an illogical one, as will be seen from a consideration of these facts concerning the players to represent Princeton. To begin with, a majority of the men are veterans, one of them, Baird, is

a kicker of much merit, not only in drops and punts, but distance place-kicks; and all of them are skilled in the science of team-play. Secondly, the team is an evenly balanced one, strong and aggressive in defense, and determined and versatile in attack. Thirdly, the team has practiced long and hard at a kicking game, with such able coaches as Moffat, Morse, and Lea to direct matters in an intelligent way, and in consequence the players know their business like a book.

It is unnecessary to proceed further to show how justified Princeton men are in their feeling of confidence. Yet in foot-ball there's many a slip 'twixt the goal lines, there's many a chance likely to arise to upset the best laid of plans, the herculean efforts of the best of teams.

In the opinion of the writer there is no question whatsoever but that Princeton will have to contend with players far more skilled in the playing of a kicking game than she did on November 7th against Harvard.

The kind of kicking which Brown exhibited for the crimson host will be discounted by Yale, and those persons who believe that Baird will show the superiority he did against Brown are in for a surprise. Not that any Yale back will perform with as much all-round excellence, but the player in blue will equal Baird in punting at all stages of the game, perhaps excel him if the Yale forwards do their work well. Perhaps, should Baird get the chance, he will show to advantage in drop-kicking, perhaps also in place-kicking. But in punting—and punting is, of course, a prime factor from its much greater use during the game—he will not excel unless perchance fate gives Captain Cochran a choice of field and the advantage of a strong wind.

With possibly an exception or two, the teams will line up in this way:

Yale.	Princeton.
Bass.....	Left-end—right.....Cochran
Rodgers.....	Left-tackle—right.....Hillebrand
Murray.....	Left-guard—right.....Armstrong
Chamberlain.....	Centre.....Galley
Chadwick.....	Right-guard—left.....Crowdis
Murphy.....	Right-tackle—left.....Church
Hazen.....	Right-end—left.....Brokaw
Fincke.....	Quarter-back.....Smith
Connor.....	Left half-back—right.....Bannard
Benjamin.....	Right half-back—left.....Kelly
Hinke.....	Full-back.....Baird

Now an individual comparison of the men in the above line-up shows these things: Firstly, that Bass, who plays against Cochran, is the better man, judging from the work of the Princeton end this season, which has been below par. In the opinion of the writer Thompson would give Bass more of an argument than Cochran.

That Rodgers, with his greater experience and weight, will do more for his team than Hillebrand will for his, cannot be questioned. In advancing the ball Rodgers is far and away the better man.

As for Murray and Armstrong, the latter is apt to do the better all-round work. In opening up the line Murray is very good, but he lacks Armstrong's quickness in doing work outside of his position.

At centre, although Galley the Tiger will outweigh Chamberlain by some twenty pounds, he will find it exceedingly difficult to equal the Yale man's surprising quickness and following of the ball à la terrier style.

As between Chadwick and Crowdis, there should be no question of the former's superiority, though in simple defense Crowdis should hold his own. Chadwick is much the faster man, and is something like Armstrong in doing work on the outside.

Taking the centre as a whole, the Yale trio should prove the stronger.

At right- and left-tackle, respectively, stand Murphy and Church, and the struggle between them will prove an interesting one. Church is a heavier man than Murphy, their weights being something like one hundred and ninety and one hundred and seventy pounds. Both are very quick on their feet, both are past-masters of their position both in attack and defense, and both are aggressive players who get into everything. Church has the tendency to do a little roughing which is apt to mar his game. Murphy plays foot-ball all the time. Outside of running with the ball, in which Church excels, their play should be even up.

At right- and left-end Brokaw and Hazen will face one another. Of the two, Brokaw is the faster man, and is, in consequence, likely to excel in getting down the field under Baird's kicks. In breaking up interference Hazen has the call. All in all, Brokaw should do the better all-round work.

Thus we find Yale a bit stronger in the forward line.

At quarter-back, Smith, of Princeton, and Fincke, of Yale, are star men in all the details of their position. Both are sure to shine all through the game. Fincke on catching punts and making return-plays is certainly a wonder, and compares with the best of Yale's famous men of the past. On the catch he is absolutely sure.

Smith runs with the ball finely, and is a hard man to catch on account of his zigzag running. In running a game, Fincke shows exceptionally good head-work. Smith, if he is to be judged by his Harvard game, is not quite the general that Fincke is.

Back of the line the argument is distinctly favorable to the orange-and-black. Princeton has in Bannard, Kelly, Reiter, and Rosengarten four excellent halves, good in running and fine in defense. Yale has in Benjamin, Connor, Hine, Van Every, and Mills a lot of fair men only.

At full-back, too, if Baird and Hinkey are to be judged alone from their work during the season, the Princeton man must be given first place. But Hinkey is just as sure to play better ball than ever during the season as Baird is to continue playing the same steady game. But whether Hinkey will show up enough better to equal Baird in effective work for his side is a question.

In the opinion of the writer Hinkey will punt as well, buck the line better, tackle as well, yet play second fiddle to Baird in making return-plays from kick-off, or catch from punt, or, indeed, place-kicks for goal, should the chance offer. In drop-kicking Baird is also likely to show to decided advantage. But right here it should be remembered that Baird is a slow kicker, and his work in consequence may be marred by the aggressive play of the Yale forwards.

In the way of substitutes Princeton has in Thompson a fine end, and able men for backs in Reiter, Rosengarten, and Wheeler.

Yale is not by any means so well off either for extra men back of the line or in it. In the former case there are Mills, Van Every, Hine, and Chauncey; in the latter, Alport and McFarlan.

The total weight of the Princeton team is one thousand, nine hundred and fifty-one pounds; that of Yale less by several hundred pounds. In the line Princeton averages about one hundred and eighty-four pounds, which is heavier than Yale's by a goodly twenty pounds.

The Princeton team has made a better record for the season's play than Yale—having had but six points scored against it, while Yale has had fourteen.

AN ENVIABLE RECORD.

The season's record of the Carlisle Indian team deserves just recognition, both for fine play and ability to stand hard games at frequent intervals. Yale on Monday, Princeton on Wednesday, and Harvard on Saturday is a feat which they are quite up to taking.

Next year this Indian team should do even better work on the gridiron, for all the old men will be on hand to play, and all they need to do is to develop a kicker of merit.

This want of a good kicker was very apparent in the Yale game, mention of which, together with a picture of the Indian team, appeared in a recent issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Much of the credit of the fine game the Indians play is due McCormick and Hickok, old Yale foot-ball men.

McCormick, in conversation about the team, told the writer early in the season that the Indians were very apt pupils, learning to run, tackle, etc., with great quickness. He found, however, that they were all slow about picking up kicking and catching the ball. In fact, with the greatest perseverance McCormick could not seem to get the fine points of this part of the game through their heads.

Following are some of the scores made by the Indians: Yale, 12-6; Princeton, 22-6; Harvard, 4-0; Pennsylvania, 21-0.

W. F. Bull

By Puget Sound.

BONDEAU.

By Puget Sound the woods are deep and green,
And dark leaves, ever restless, weave a screen
For many a feathered songster's hidden nest;
And many a little ruffled, swelling breast
Pours out its melody in rapture keen.

Here tall fir-trees their slender bodies lean
Against the sunlight's mellow, golden sheen.
Oh, passionate hearts!—come! Here is peace and rest

By Puget Sound.

Beneath these lacing branches, cool, serene,
Murmur sweet waters, rushy banks between,
And yellow loops of sunlight from the west
Slip through and die upon the dark waves' crest.
Oh, heavy laden! here is peace, I ween—

By Puget Sound.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

Can Animals Count?

THE power to count or to calculate from numbers and their combinations is one of the processes of thought. There are many savage tribes which cannot count at all. And children at an early age are very defective in this respect. Recent experiments of a Russian savant

by the name of Timofeff prove that birds, cats, dogs, and horses can count and, therefore, do think.

Dr. Timofeff's dog never buried several bones in one spot, but always covered them up in separate graves. And when the doctor one day gave this dog twenty-six different bones he immediately set to work to bury them separately. The next day the dog was not fed, and consequently he set to work to recover the bones given to him the day before. The scientist watched his pet with great interest from a window.

The dog first dug up ten of the bones; then stopped and reflected. Soon he dug up nine more. Again he paused to consider, and again returned to his task of digging until twenty-five bones in all had been unearthed. This seemed to satisfy him and he sat down and began his meal.

Suddenly he raised his head, stopped eating, and looked around with a thoughtful air. Having decided finally that he had forgotten something, he started up, made a tour of investigation, and, having found the twenty-sixth bone, returned with a look of satisfaction to his meal.

The doctor made up his mind that the number twenty-six was too much for the dog's mind to grasp at one effort; that he had, therefore, divided the provender into three groups, had counted the bones in each lot separately, but that when he came to dig up all the bones their total number was so complicated that he first miscalculated, and only rectified the error after prolonged cogitation.

Dr. Timofeff found his cat less skillful far than his dog in counting. It could not go beyond the number six. He proved this by holding a piece of meat to his cat's nose and drawing it away suddenly. He always repeated this action five times before the cat was allowed to have the bone.

After some little practice the cat waited patiently until the bone was held out for the sixth time, and then seized it. It grew so perfect in this exercise of mind that it never made an error. But when the doctor tried to add four more to the total already learned by the cat she lost the count completely and never relearned it.

Dr. Timofeff's experiments with horses are even more astounding. One peasant's horse invariably stopped to rest at the twentieth furrow when plowing. So exact was the horse in following this routine that the farmer grew to rely upon the calculations of his horse.

Another horse was found in a neighboring village, who reckoned distances by mile-posts and knew the hour by the striking of the clock.

On one occasion this horse stopped at the twenty-second *verst* post instead of the twenty-fifth. But good reason was found for this lapse of equine intelligence in the fact that three other posts had been passed which marked the boundaries of state forests, and which greatly resembled the regular *verst* posts in appearance.

This same horse was always fed in the stable at noon. Whenever a neighboring church-clock began to strike, the animal raised its head and listened attentively. When the strokes were less than twelve it dropped its head in disappointment, but showed unmistakable joy when the full quota of strokes rang out full and clear.

If our dumb but so true animal servants do have what the Latins called an *animus* (mind), who shall say that they do not also possess an *anima* (soul)?

S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.

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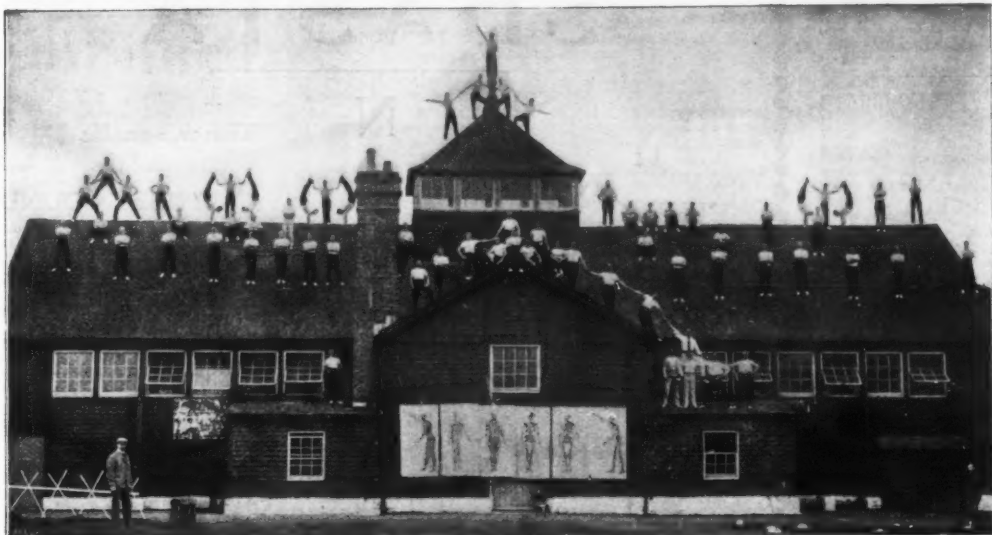
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A BULL-FIGHT ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.

DRAWN BY DAN SMITH.



TRAINING CLASS OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS IN IRELAND.—*Black and White.*



SIR E. J. POYNTER, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ROYAL ACADEMY.—*Black and White.*



DR. TEMPLE, ARCHBISHOP-DESIGNATE OF CANTERBURY, OPENING THE PEPPY'S MISSION HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER.—*Illustrated London News.*



It is interesting to note the difference in size between the royal contracting parties. She is a large, fine woman; he a trim little chap.
THE CIVIL MARRIAGE OF THE ITALIAN CROWN PRINCE TO PRINCESS HELENE OF MONTENEGRO, AT THE QUIRINAL IN ROME.



TURKISH SOLDIERS ON GUARD AT CONSTANTINOPLE QUAY.—*Black and White.*



An hour after sunset some hundreds of barefooted Moslems assemble in long lines beneath the vast dome of the mosque of San Sofia. As one man they rise up or kneel prone upon the mat-covered floor, according to the words of the mueddin or priest, who calls to them from the Mikhral. The little children meanwhile play and chase each other between the rows of worshippers.
"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE": A SCENE AT THE EVENING PRAYER IN THE MOSQUE OF SAN SOFIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.—*The Graphic.*

A NECESSARY QUALIFICATION.
CITIZEN—"Is there any chance for a German on the police force?"
Police-official—"Not unless he is of Irish descent."—Judge.

AMUSEMENTS.

DALY'S Every Evening at 8.
Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2.
George Edwards' Japa-
nese Musical Comedy.
CHORUS OF 40. ORCHESTRA OF 25.

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Box Office now open, 9 to 6 o'clock.

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CARRICK THEATRE. 35th Street, near
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Richard Mansfield, Lessee. Charles Frohman, Manager.
SECRET SERVICE.
by the author of "Held by the Enemy."
Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday.

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in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it.
The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is un-
doubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant*
Health is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send
your address to the New York Condensed Milk Com-
pany, New York.

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nowned article. Beware of imitations.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
has been used for over fifty years by millions of
mothers for their children while teething, with perfect
success. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best reme-
dy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part
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adulteration in it. It is one hundred per cent. pure.
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remove scalp diseases. Address: *Altenheim Medical*
Dispensary, Dep't E. A., Box 779, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BLENDING HUNTER RYE WHISKY.

The blending of whiskeys is rapidly rising, if not
to the level of a fine art, at any rate to the dignity
of one of the exact sciences. Apparently it is a
most simple process, but if it be exercised in its
ideal perfection requires the keenest discrimination
and the closest attention to every detail. The the-
ory in blending is to combine in one product all the
prized characteristics found in different types, but
never present altogether in a single "straight"
whisky. Mixing, however, is not blending. The
task is only begun when the component parts are
put together, and however well matured the various
constituents may be, the object of blending is prac-
tically missed if facilities be not given for the devel-
opment and absorption, for the intercommunion
and commingling of the several vegetable oils and
volatile ethers, and for their gradual combination
into one perfect and harmonious whole.

These points are gradually finding increased rec-
ognition among blenders, and various means are
adopted to attain the desired end. One device for
which Messrs. William Lamahan & Son are respon-
sible has for its main idea the application of the
well-known principles of heat and motion by perfect
aeration of each and every particle to secure ma-
turity and development, as well as a most thorough
and intimate amalgamation of all the ingredients of
the blend; the ingredients being standard brands
of well-matured and finely-developed Maryland
ryes. The apparatus designed to effect this purpose
has been erected by this firm at a large expense;
the receiving cisterns or vats holding forty-five thou-
sand gallons of whisky. It is in these vats that the
blending is done; there being eight in number. The
whisky in each vat is subjected to ten thousand
revolutions in ten hours. It is very properly claim-
ed that this enormous amount of motion and aeration
has the effect of completely removing all impurities,
and that the result of this continual agitation of the
whisky is an improvement and mellowing down
consequent upon the enormous evaporation that can
be accomplished in no other way. The greatly re-
nowned brandy-houses of France, and the sherry-
houses of Spain, in putting upon the market their
fine products, always offer a blend of their respec-
tive goods. The business of producing fine blends
has been in existence in Europe for more than a
century, while in this country it is comparatively in
its infancy. The public can feel assured that they
can always secure better uniformity and better ma-
tured goods, possessing more intrinsic merit in re-
putable blends than in any other class of whiskeys.

LEGAL NOTICE.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVER-
TISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," com-
mencing on the 27th day of October, 1896, and
continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days
thereafter, of the confirmation and entry of the fol-
lowing assessments in the respective Wards herein
designated:

TWELFTH WARD.—186TH STREET OPENING,
between Amsterdam and Wadsworth avenues.
TWENTY-THIRD WARD.—ST. JOSEPH'S
STREET OPENING, from Robbins Avenue to Whit-
lock Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department, Com-
ptroller's Office, October 31st, 1896.

BARKER
BRAND
COLLARS
ARE
THE
BEST.
W. BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

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Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind,
Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors,
allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives in-
stant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is pre-
pared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and
nothing else. Sold by druggists, sent by mail, 50c. and
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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
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sweetening and
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the ones **PINE TAR SOAP**
who use (Persian Healing)
it all the
time for the toilet
and bath.

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and intestinal troubles and
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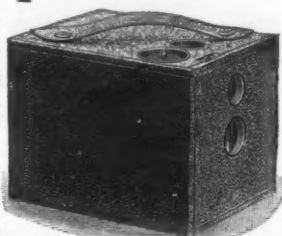
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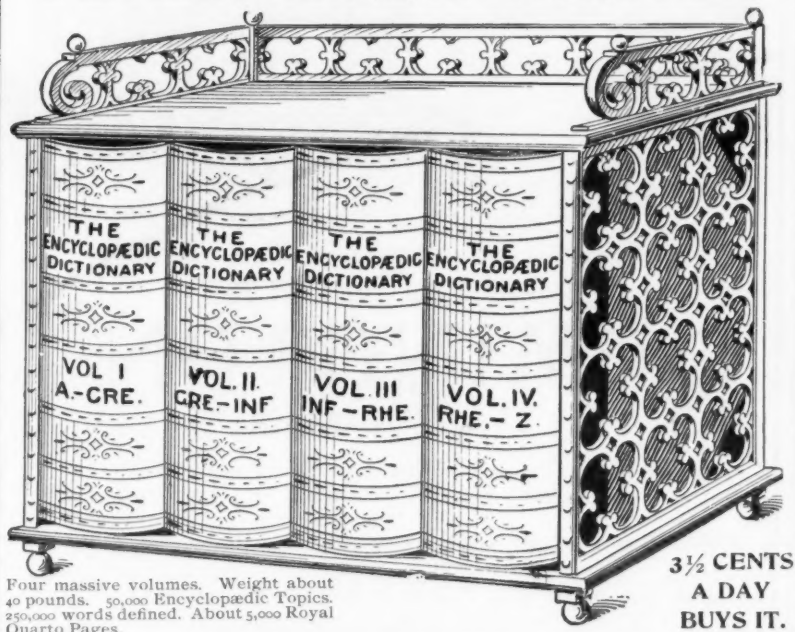
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—Scientific American, August 3, 1895.

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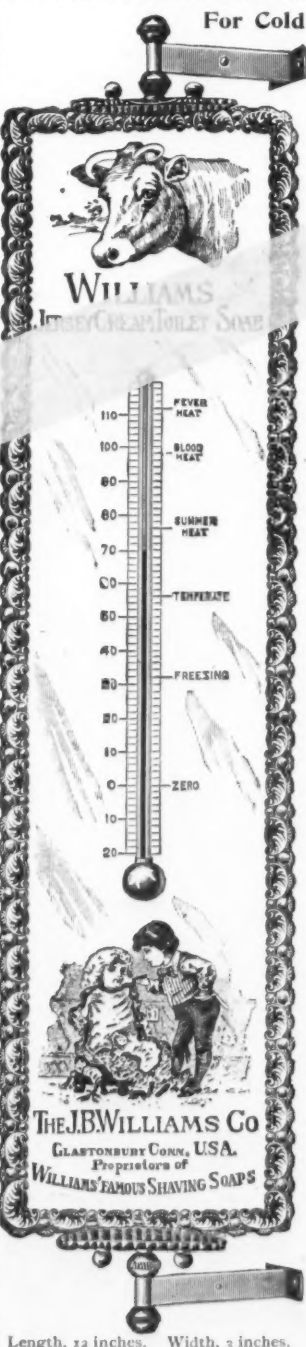
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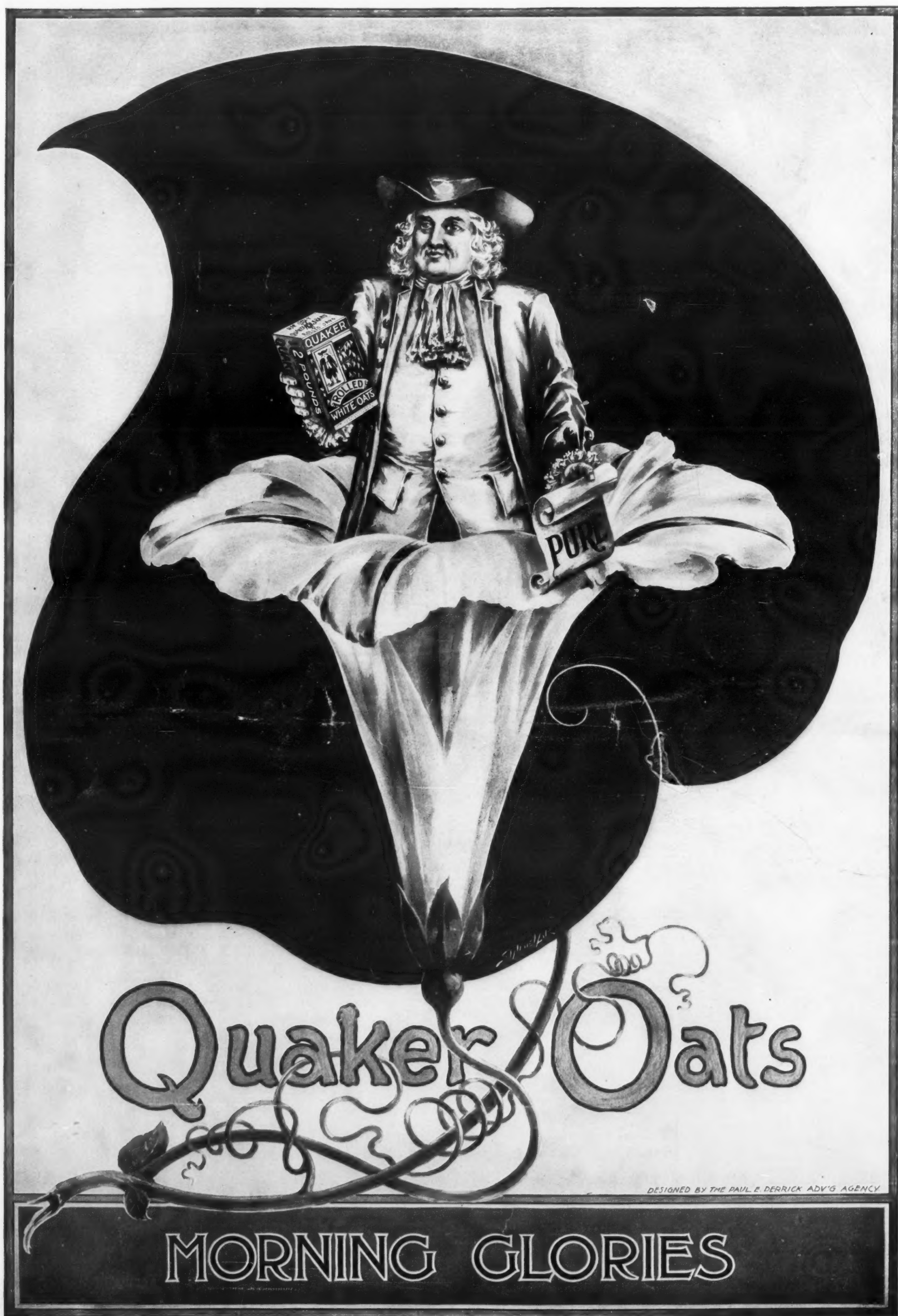
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